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that have no theoretic reason for existence have nevertheless a real reason. In facilitating the historical and comparative study of government, Frederic Austin Ogg's *The Governments of Europe*—a book intended primarily as a text-book, but not baffling to the general reader—will prove widely useful. In treatment the work is condensed yet thorough. The discussion of the English constitution begins with the Anglo-Saxon kingship, and ends with the present status of the suffrage question. In the case of each government the historic sketch is confined to the points most useful to the student, expanding or contracting according to the needs of the theme. A brief section deals with German constitutional history prior to 1848, and the author soon passes to the formation of the empire and its consequences. The account of the governmental development of France begins with the Revolution. Always the historic view is made an integral part of the explanation of present governments and their workings. In this manner the volume discusses the governments of Italy, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, the Low Countries, Scandinavia, and the Iberian states. Covering so wide a field and dealing with so great a body of facts, the treatise achieves effectiveness only through unusual clearness of aim and an admirable sense of proportion. Yet few works are more genuinely informing than such a one as this, when it is really, as in the present case, what it professes to be.

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THE HAPPY WARRIOR. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1913.

It is of the manner that we are compelled to think first of all in reading A. S. M. Hutchinson's romance, *The Happy Warrior*, and this is almost a pity; just as we feel it a pity that in a story which owes its charm to essential truth of character and sentiment our attention should in the end be drawn too forcibly to a somewhat crude device of plot.

With respect to plot *The Happy Warrior* is in much the same case as Henry Sydnor Harrison's deservedly successful romance, *Queed*, which it surpasses in finish, though not in genuineness. To be sure, mystery does not, as in *Queed*, haunt us through the closing chapters of the story, a naïve specter of which nobody is afraid. But at the last we are unfortunately reminded that we have been reading a *novel*, a thing of calculation and premeditation, obeying material laws of structure—reminded, for throughout the greater part of the narrative we remain under the spell of a delightful illusion.

But it is of the manner that we think first. Mr. Hutchinson sets off in a tricky style. There are humor and philosophy in his opening discourse upon the element of hazard in human affairs, as illustrated by the story of a dog which bit a vicar and the surprising consequences that flowed from this injudicious and uncalled-for act. In this there is a not disagreeable flavor of the mock-epic. But the effect of it is to make us a little uneasy. Can it be possible, we ask ourselves, that the man will undertake to write a whole novel in this fashion? To write in a certain predetermined style, to express everything with graceful artificiality, to attain unity of effect in a difficult manner—all this is merely a matter of ingenuity, of virtuosity. And we do not want virtuosity; we are athirst for something real.

Mr. Hutchinson's style continues to be tricky. It continues to present matters with unexpected detail, with unexpected repetition, with unlooked-for brevity, with what seem like strange contortions of the point of view. But it wins upon us. Increasingly it makes us feel that we are receiving the something real that we demand; that we are taking it in, moreover, with quite extraordinary ease and pleasure.

Throughout, *The Happy Warrior* is written in a style which provokes criticism and baffles it. We surrender to the charm, and at the same time we want to know the secret. How explain the success of this style, with which we can find no fault except that it makes us feel how intolerable it would be if in the slightest degree it failed of its intended effect?

The question is not to be answered by detailed analysis. It soon becomes evident, however, that the manner of the story is not an affectation. Nor is it, perhaps, wholly spontaneous. There is method in it—or at least it has all the advantage of deliberate method. Taking originally a somewhat playful attitude toward his theme—an attitude that makes humor easy, that lends itself readily to the portrayal of little grotesqueries of speech and behavior, the author is surprisingly free to produce what effect upon us he pleases, as if a half-playful, half-philosophic, altogether sympathetic view of human life were the fundamental key, from which he modulates with the greatest ease into pathos, into poetry, into idyllic description, into realistic action. So that he is peculiarly unhampered by that stupid tendency of language to become a law to itself, making a writer, as we so often feel, express himself in a manner more heavily impressive, more laboriously facetious, than of his own will he intended.

From the bondage of plot Mr. Hutchinson escapes with less success; yet it is a high tribute to his art that we forget the obviously romantic plot in the subtle humanity of the characters—always except at the last, when the romantic plot, after the manner of its kind, arises and smites us in the face.

The framework is conventional. The youthful Lord Burdon secretly marries a girl of class beneath his own, discovers the fatal mistake not of the marriage, but of the secrecy, is in an agony of indecision; at last, seeking a way out, goes on a military expedition to India, and meets death in battle. The title falls to the Lethams, distant relatives. The new Lady Burdon is selfish, ambitious in a bourgeois fashion, lacking in nobility. Audrey, the young widow, about to become a mother, unaware that the Lethams are now in possession of title and estate, goes, in accordance with her husband's last instructions, to throw herself upon the kindness of his grandmother. The new Lady Burdon meets her, is panic-stricken, sees her hopes crumbling. Affecting to disbelieve Audrey's story, she dismisses her with disdain, steeling her heart, like a bourgeois Lady Macbeth. Audrey dies of the child which is born to her, and her sister Maggie, loving helplessly, hating bitterly, plots revenge on the Lethams. Audrey's child, Percival—the Happy Warrior—is the real heir of the Burdons—he, and not the Lethams' sickly son, Rollo. In due time, when revenge has thoroughly matured, when fate gives the signal, Maggie will strike down Lady Burdon as Lady Burdon struck down Audrey; for she has the necessary weapon—proof of the marriage. A romantic plot, surely, of the old-fashioned sort, even to the element of old-fashioned hate, so seldom met with in stories nowadays.

What the author makes of it is extraordinary. He makes it genuinely human, genuinely poetic. His style, responsive and flexible, poises and rushes on in the manner of real thought, real talk, real gesture, following the pulse of interest that people feel in what they are doing or saying at the moment. We feel the throb of Mrs. Letham's excitement when news comes of the death that makes her Lady Burdon. We get in brief the full quality of her husband's stupid honesty, his kindly simplicity. With relatively few words Mr. Hutchinson comes as close to life as such writers as De Morgan—or at least persuades us that he does so—producing even the effect of leisure in a rapid narrative.

Then turning back to describe the courtship of Audrey, he makes the episode both humanly credible and poetic. In the treatment of young love, followed by tragedy, he transcends the requirements of the plot, and in this part of the story there is a touch of universal pathos.

Percival's boyhood, his friendship with Rollo, the dawning of his love for the girl predestined to be Rollo's wife—all this is true and refreshing: and the thing that has to be done—the suggestion that Percival is by nature and instinct the true Burdon—is done well. It is surprising that we like Dora—Percival's "Snow-White-Rose-Red"—even though she is obviously cold, obviously superficial, obviously selfish. And we have no ill feeling toward her even when at the crisis she yields to her mother's wishes, acquiesces in separation from Percival, accepts Rollo for no better reason than that she "always was to." Indeed, this affair of snow-white, rose-red passion would lose something of its charm and its dramatic fitness if it were more a matter of reasonable choice, less a matter of youth and beauty and instinct.

Between the period of boyhood—"the happy, happy time"—and the crisis, occurs an adventurous episode successful in its way, adequate in its picturesqueness and interest, yet somehow not of a piece with the rest of the story. The picturesque reality of this part of the narrative seems not equal to the sentimental reality of the other parts. Percival, rebelling against the idleness of his life, bound somehow to make himself a man for Dora's sake, becomes a professional boxer. His old friend the gipsy Japhra, who gives exhibitions of boxing at fairs and circuses, receives him as one of his novices. Japhra's poetical and practical philosophy, his exaltation of spirit over flesh, in a way expresses the intimate theme of the story, and expresses it eloquently. His daughter Ima, who loves Percival with an instinct truer than his love for Dora, is surely not without her appeal. Yet about Japhra there is an effect of calculated quaintness, about Ima a hint of calculated pathos. And then the implied exaltation of the manly art!—a sentiment to which we respond, yet belonging to a different category from the sentiment that inspires the tale as a whole. Nevertheless, Percival's fight with "Foxy Pinsent" is a great fight, described with rare art. Japhra's ring talk, indeed, can hardly fail to strike us as a little strange: "He hath no bowels for punishment. There is a coward streak in him—I have seen it. . . . He will use his tongue on thee, mocking thee." But if this, by way of contrast, sets us to thinking inopportunately of the "sporting page," it is probably our own fault.

As for the crisis, it comes to pass in this way: Among Percival's acquaintances is a servant of the Lethams, one Ecbert Hunt—a somewhat

morose, grotesquely grumbling sort of person whom one does not take too seriously. Ecbert hardly seems the sort to commit a murderous assault; yet that is just what he does. In an affray of the circus people he stabs the boss, who has previously struck and cursed him. Brought to trial, Hunt is not helped by the testimony of Lady Burdon, and is convicted. On the same night on which Percival, having learned at last that he is the true Lord Burdon, goes out into the open to fight his great fight for the mastery of his soul, the convict breaks jail. The two meet, and in the struggle to prevent Hunt from carrying out his mad purpose of taking vengeance on the Burdon family by murdering Rollo, the Happy Warrior is killed.

The element of chance—even of incongruous chance—is no doubt, as the author insists, a *vera causa*; yet this seems hardly to excuse the consummation of a tragedy through a character who has seemed from the first little other than mildly comic. But, after all, the blemish is not serious. The story succeeds, plot and all. The tragic ending is a happy ending, not inconsistent with the spirit of a tale which now and then in pure joyousness bubbles into irrepressible farce.

Sentimental romance without the plot—the quality, when it is fine enough, without the machinery, as in such tales as *Eben Holden*—that is what we would like. But that is often, no doubt, an impossible, a self-contradictory desire: and we are really grateful for *The Happy Warrior*.

THE DRIFT OF ROMANTICISM. VIII. SHELBURNE ESSAYS. By PAUL ELMER MORE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913.

Frankly disclaiming "the way of sympathy" in criticism, Paul Elmer More rightly insists in the preface to *The Drift of Romanticism*, the eighth volume of the "Shelburne Essays," that there is room for the kind of criticism "which is not so much directed to the individual thing as to its relation with other things, and to its place as cause or effect in a whole group of tendencies." The writers whom Mr. More discusses are so diverse that they seem to have been chosen deliberately as having nothing in common save their relation to the romantic movement. They are William Beckford, Cardinal Newman, Walter Pater, Fiona Macleod, Nietzsche, and Huxley.

Criticism of any depth implies a philosophy, and in criticizing the views—especially the implied views—of writers who themselves assume to be critics of life, the need of a clear philosophical conception is peculiarly felt. If the thinkers whom Mr. More has selected as illustrating the drift of romanticism are not all philosophers, they all, at least, possess the power of coloring our views of the whole of life. In each there is something that we must accept as the law and the prophets or else deny altogether. To say nothing of the philosophers, we cannot read the romanticists worshipfully, or with anything like full assent, and remain unchanged. To read them assentingly, without full understanding of their implied doctrines is to tamper with our souls. Thus an unsympathetic analysis of the appeal made by such writers as Walter Pater and Fiona Macleod turns out to be no mere critical vandalism, and in general the severity of Mr. More's method is fully justified. Its difficulty is obvious. The supercritic (if the term may be used without Nietzschean